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THE
GARDEN
OF
MANY
WATERS

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Masques and Dances

SECOND BOOK

THE GARDEN OF MANY WATERS

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THROUGH HUMAN EYES

THE BURDEN OF ENGELA
A BALLAD-EPIC

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
A MASQUE

THE PASTOR OF WYDON FELL
A BALLAD

KINGS IN BABYLON
A DRAMA

EAGER HEART
A CHRISTMAS MYSTERY PLAY

The Garden of Many Waters

A Masque

BY

A. M. BUCKTON

LONDON:

ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET

1907

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WHERE THE MASQUE WAS FIRST GIVEN,
JULY 6TH, 1906.

The Garden of Many Waters

A MASQUE

TIME: *Morning*

PLACE: *A Garden*

STAGE: Lower stage—some two feet high, three or four feet deep, and twenty feet or more wide. Upper stage—one or two steps higher, and about fourteen feet deep. Of this depth, about three feet are screened off along the whole width of stage by curtains which draw to either side by invisible cords over pulleys, leaving a central gap of some six or seven feet, to discover the closing picture. These curtains are also so hung as to divide in two other places, and to allow entrance from the back on to the upper stage—about three feet off the end on either side.

Water flows in three divergent streams from a fern-grown gold-fish bowl (at back centre of upper stage). The streams can be indicated by use of blue and white chalk in curves on the floorcloth. Pebbles may be placed in them.

Central steps go up from the floor of the hall to the lower stage—the steps are surrounded with growing plants, ferns, and flowers of

one or two colours. Trailing ivy outlines this stage. A clump of tall white lilies growing in pots on left among greenery is balanced by one large bay tree, in tub, at right corner of lower stage. Two smaller bay trees, in tubs, stand on upper stage, marking the limits of the parting curtain when disclosing the last scene: all bay trees have a few red-cheeked apples tied on the twigs. A beehive half hid in vine leaves, or other greenery, is seen under the small bay tree on the left. Clusters of opening water lilies and green leaves lie in groups in the track of the streams, and particularly on the edge, where the waters drip over from the higher to the lower stage, and are lost in ferns.

LIGHTING: One lime-light (central) from back of hall is usually sufficient. In a large hall two lights are better, placed at sides of walls.

COLOUR: Before play begins a pale blue light is over the scene; this to change during Prelude to sun-light amber. (The make-up of the players must be delicate and of the slightest: a little vaseline and pink powder and a little rouge are sufficient; but it is imperative that the hands and arms, where bare, should be well whitened with "wet white" or "grease paint.")

VOICES: The speaking must be low and clear, and full of inflexion; and great attention be paid to the final consonants.

DRESSES should be plainly draped, of sober tints and of the same fashion throughout, relieved by jewels and worked girdles.*

The Masque may suitably be given in a Garden.

* The above recommendations are made for the sake of young producers.

Personages

THE SPIRIT OF THE HOUR, in white and silver tunic, sandalled, with small wings sprouting on shoulders, bearing gold wand.

Two CHILDREN, boy and girl, in simple holland or other short dress, girdled, bearing watering-pot, gardening tools, scissors, bast, beans and other large seeds; also five folded packets of seed in a basket.

HUSBANDRY, bearing a crook, and sheaf of wheat and barley on right arm.

HANDICRAFT, bearing a distaff in right hand, a small hammer, copper pot, and strips of leather hanging from girdle.

COMMERCE, bearing a ship with a large sail on left arm.

SCIENCE, bearing a pair of balances in right hand, long (sculptor's) calipers hanging to girdle.

LAW, bearing a scroll with hanging seal in left hand.

POETRY, bearing a lyre, or psaltery, on the left hip.

PHILOSOPHY, bearing a large crystal ball, or abacus or astrolabe, in left hand.

For closing picture :

PEASANT FATHER, in rough dress, bearing spade and hay rake over shoulder.

MOTHER, in simple Puritan dress and cap, sitting at her spinning wheel, distaff in hand, and rocking a child in wooden cradle with her foot.

Two mute Attendants, or Amazons, to guard the stage at corners, in hunting dress and buskins, bearing spears or partizans, wreathed in laurel and olive boughs, which are bound up with a golden sickle and ears of corn.

Unseen singers and small string orchestra.

Note.—*Most, if not all, of the above can be represented by players of either sex.*

Prelude for strings and voices. *Music in old style, such as a Saraband, or "Une Fête à Trianon," by Henri Roubier (published by Joseph Williams), resolving itself into the old Pavane music of Henri III., "Belle, qui tient ma vie!" (see musical appendix) to which suitable words can be put. During this latter the two mute Attendants enter on floor of the hall, and take their place on either side of the stage, facing each other, standing on floor of hall.*

As voices cease, enter hand in hand on floor of hall the two children, Boy and Girl, bearing gardening tools. They mount central steps, and divide to right and left of lower stage. Boy lays down tools and examines ripeness of his apples on the tree, R.; Girl ties up white lilies with bast, L.

Boy takes his basket of seed packets over to Girl, and holds up one after the other. The packets are marked with large letters—O, C, M, and B. A blue packet has upon it the letter S.

Boy. I have so many seeds to sow to-day:

Onions, cabbage, marjoram, and bay!

Girl. And see my lilies, growing tall and straight!

They're almost bending over with their weight!

Boy (thoughtfully goes back to sow seeds under his apple tree; he sits on the ground).

I just do love a garden! Do not you?

There always seems so much in it to do.

(He hums a little song.)

Girl. Now let us get some water from the spring.

(Runs up to bowl with fish, and listens.)

Hark ! some one sings the song we used to sing !

(*Voices are heard singing : "Dark brown is the river."*)

Boy. I wonder if the boats indeed "come home"

When once they get beyond the breaking foam ?

Girl. Yes ! Don't you know ? Children in other lands

Pull them ashore with little coloured hands.

Boy. I wish we once could take a boat and see Those other folk that live across the sea !

Girl. Hark ! Do you hear the song about the rain ?

Pitter-patter ! There it comes again !

(*Voices are heard singing.*)

Pitter-patter goes the rain
Through the stormy hours,
Filling up the springs again,
Watering thirsty flowers.

Boy (pointing). Look ! there is some one loitering round the hill.

A Stranger ! Why is he so very still ?

Girl. He's wondering at the little streams that come

Gushing beside the door-step of our home.

(*Points to bowl of fish.*)

Spirit of the Hour (comes forward from between curtains, upper stage, L.). My little friends, what are you doing here ?

Boy. I'm sowing seeds under the orchard,
Sir.

Spirit. And you, my little maid, among the
flowers?

Girl. I'm watering them before the sultry
hours.

Spirit. Are these your lilies? These your
apple trees?

I never saw more gracious plants than
these. (*Approaches apple tree.*)

Boy. If you stoop down you'll see my favourite
toad.

He lives inside this bit of hollow wood.

Spirit (stoops and looks in, surprised). When I
looked in, he winked his golden eye!

So, even toads can be good company.

And what is this?

(*Takes up blue satchel of seed.*)

Boy (takes it from him, nodding his head).

A very precious seed;

Yet people often think it is a weed.

They call it Sesame.

Spirit (wondering). A curious word!

And yet, a name, I think, I must have
heard.

What do men call, this fertile, happy
ground?

Its streams are watering all the country
round.

Girl. This is the Garden of Many Waters!
See! (*running.*)

Out of my hive there comes a honey-bee!

Spirit (points). Is that a bee? What shimmering of wings!

But when unhappy, I have heard, she stings!

Girl. If you will sup with us to-night at home,

You shall have honey from her honeycomb.

Spirit. Thanks, children! I will come! And now, away!

Back to your work!—or do you call it play?

Boy. Sometimes I think it's play, and sometimes not.

I think it must be work—I get so hot.

(*Children return to their plants.*)

Spirit (coming forward). Far have I travelled in the heavenly space

On idle, happy wings; and set my foot

On many a planet of those lights I see

Far twinkling yonder in the morning blue!

All stars I visit at my will! But when, This hour, I lighted here, a sweet amaze Took hold upon my spirits. Here, it seems

A slow and wondrous change has come to be.

What world is this? Dark strife is vanishing!

I mark no more display of tooth and sword!

Desire shrinks back, like a timid beast
ashamed,

Into the desert. Joyous brothers stand
Greeting each other, over sundering seas,
Exchanging common tools ; and in mine
ears

Brave songs go up, as from a common
tongue !

(*Voices are heard singing :—*

Give us mouths to sing,
Give us ears to hear,
The song that lives in every thing—
Earth, sea, and air !
Song of the swinging axe,
Song of shuttle and loom,
Song of the open threshing floor,
Song of the engine room, &c.)

(*The music fades away.*)

Spirit. “When songs are in the land, the heart
is free !”

One voice in earth, and wind, and water
calls—

One voice in everything ! Even this brook
Running apace to join the plain below
Makes its own melody, and hurries on.

“Seek ye my source !” it babbles,
vanishing

Through ferny grots and caverns to the sea.
Listening, I tracked its voice, and found
all ways

Converging to this hill ; and, on the hill,
This lovely garden, by the children called

“ Garden of many Waters.” What may
be

The magic source of such sweet overflow ?
Out of what solemn caves, what fragrant
earth,

Come fountains such as these, blessing the
thirst

Of all that stoop to them ?

(*Husbandry appears through curtains, &c.*)

Blossom and Bird,

And even Man himself ! (Starting) Lo !
yonder comes

One who would seem the guardian of this
place !

(*Joyously*) Now shall I learn all that I
seek to know.

Hail, gracious Being ! Queen of Hus-
bandry !

(*They salute with arm and hand
upraised.*)

Was it your ploughshare and your rugged
spade

That set these waters free and gave the
rocks,

These dark and tameless rocks the voice of
song ?

Husbandry (approaching). Not so, fair stranger !

I may only use.

Already when I settled in the land
I found these happy rivers, and I blessed
Their source unknown, nurturing flocks
and vines

Beside their bounty. From one common
fount
They seem to spring. But, listening to
their song,
This only word I hear: "Seek out my
source!"
No other do these laughing wells declare.
So, with that mystic answer, you and I
Must be content.

Look yonder ! Tell me who is this that
comes
With careful touch, and a hand that seems
itself
Half spirit, like a thought made eloquent
In human flesh ?

(Appears Handicraft, R.; Spirit retreats, L., and remains beside small bay-tree.)

Husbandry. This is young Handicraft,
Dear to the hearth and to the homes of
men.
Hail, Sister! Know you whence these
happy streams

Take their bright source, blessing the
countryside—

Your work and mine ?

Handicraft (*approaching*). I know no more
than ye ;

I only use. These happy tumbling streams
Offer my tools and engines powers un-
known.

And oft I think, without their faithful
flow,

My hand had scarcely learnt the urgent
need

Of rhythmic motion, perfect, wonderful,
Joining us to the music of the stars !

Beautiful are to me the homes of men,
And beautiful their clothing ! In the
woof

The voice of motion sings, and round the
rim

Of cup and platter ! Yea, the same wild
song

That hurls the torrent into the dark abyss
Sings in the rising sap of stem and leaf !

But, when I question it, it only cries :
“ Seek out my source ! ” and, laughing,
hurries on.

Husbandry. If this be so, thy craft to thee has
taught

No more than mine. But who is this
that seems

Herself the queen of waters ?

(*Appear Commerce, L.*)

Handicraft (with awe). Unto her
Belongs the overlordship of the seas !
Into her whirlpools, and her racing tides,
Are drawn the streams of city and of dell.
Hail, lovely Commerce ! sovereign of the waves !
Tell us, and to this gentle Stranger here,
Out of what hollow lap, what sounding deep,
Gush up the mighty streams that bear thee forth,
And give thee half the kingdoms of the world ?
Commerce. I cannot tell their source. I only use !
Year after year my laden argosies
Pass to and fro upon their watery way,
See many a sunset pale, and planet rise
On wild and rocky shores. I carry gifts
From land to land, bright gifts of wealth
and power.
But, leaning o'er my vessel in the night,
Watching the moonlit pathway of the foam
Under the keel, I sigh : and fain would know
What impulse drives me onward ? what great stream
Impels my power ? And still I only catch
One surging answer from the hurrying deep,

“ Seek out the source ! ” Therefore have I
resort,

Oft and again, unto this quiet hill,
Whence all the forces of the world
descend ! *(Appear Science, B.)*

But, gentle Stranger ! rather ask than me
My Sister, Science ! She will tell us all !

Science. Who calls my name ?

Spirit. Most learned Being, hail !
We know your knowledge of intricate
things

Hidden from ordinary men ! Behold
These magic fountains ! Which of your
chemic arts

Distilled them for us here ?

Science (coming forward). No art of mine
Created these fair streams—visible veins
Quick with the throbbing pulses of the
world !

When in the holy night, beneath the
heavens

I take my place, and mark the wheeling
stars,

Or, 'neath my glass, watch the young
elements

Fashioning beauty out of formless dust,
I hear fragments of song, tumults divine,
Like the sound of mighty waters, rolling
free !

But waves like these are bounded, trained,
confined ! *(Appear Law, L.)*

Here cometh one should be a surer guide

To cultured doings and to cultured ways.
Fair greetings to you, Sister!

Law (approaches wondering). What is this ?
Some conclave for the welfare of the
State ?

Science. Fain would we know what power has
prompted these
Young streams that flow so freely through
the world ?

Law. The power, here—half Nature's and
half Man's !

O happy waters ! mirror of all Life !
Pure Impulse, playing here beloved, secure,
Within the changing channel of its flow !
Such is the will of a nation, rightly led,
Perfect expression of itself, and place !

(*She comes forward, looking at streams.*)
No maker here am I, but a scholar still,
Learning the beauty of authority,
Loved and self-chosen ! (*Appear Poetry, &c.*)
Kings may only be
Image of Law and Love's authority !

(*Withdraws to extreme L. corner.*)
Commerce (advancing in surprise). What beau-
teous form is this, that seems herself
Embodyed Law ?

Poetry (comes forward). I am the Spirit of
Song !
I touch the dumb sad mouths of all the
world
That find no speech, and give them —
melody ! (*Sounds deep chord of lyre.*)

I am the Builder of Visions, making
dreams
More true than skies above and Earth
beneath.
Over the waves my bounding dolphins
come,
Obedient, at the music of my feet.
From howling rocks the prisoned winds
fly free,
And Life—Life—Life in everything,
Knoweth itself; and seeth itself born
good.
(*Dreamily.*) All faded forms of dark and
sordid strife
Dissolve out of my sight. Dear Earth
again
Puts on her heavenly face, and all men
love!
For they are changed! They speak a
fuller tongue.
They hear, and feel, and see with
heightened sense,
Man, greatlier man! Yet wheresoe'er I
roam
Through mighty temples, gardens, capitols,
No single spot I know inspiring song
So sweet as this, where quiet waters
flow,
The streams of every day and common
life!
(*To Husbandry.*) I seek no reason for it!
I but enjoy! (*Appear Philosophy, L.*)

If reason ye would have, summon you
here

My elder Sister, calm Philosophy !

Philosophy (approaches between Commerce and Law). Why break the silence of the eternal stars

With reasoned words ? Sister, I love your songs !

I love the sound of waters and of birds
Sportive and free ! But, listening to them
still,

I hear supreme, where words can never
come,

One golden chord of harmony—the sound
That filled Eternal Being, when the Un-
named

Named Himself, and all the worlds were
born !

Often unto my far attentive ear
That chord seems double ! Two ascending
tones

Of perfect sweetness, mingling into heaven
Like twin flames of a sacrifice, that melt
Into the blue. And further, on the
point

Of topmost vanishing, I hear one note—
A single note transcending all the rest,
The answer of the Riddle of the World !

And still my prayer, my urgent prayer,
has been

That one day all the hearts of men may
hear.

Spirit (eagerly). Then let Us pray for it, and
join our prayer

To those great Listeners who knew the
truth,
And suffered, learning it.

(*Stepping forward and raising hands.*)

O ye who trod
The path by which we came unto this
hill. . . .

Husbandry (raising l. hand). Breaking the
briars, training horse and hind,
Toiling with sweat on the unfurrowed
field. . . .

Handicraft (raising l. hand). Shaping the iron
tool, the web, the home. . . .

Commerce (raising r. hand). Using the seas for
your great embassies. . . .

Science (raising l. hand). Wrestling the secret
of the farthest star. . . .

Law (raising r. hand). Ye powers that gathered
human elements,
And weighing unity, uttered men the
law. . . .

Poetry (raising r. hand). Ye that have kindled
hearts of men afame,
Dowering the poor with thrones and open-
ing heaven

To eyes long dimmed with tears, fashion-
ing song

Out of the food of grief. . . .

Philosophy (raising r. hand). O ye whose
souls

Were answering chambers for the thoughts
of God,

Great lovers of your kind, falling yourselves

Slain by the very might of that ye gave,—
Names holy to this garden and this
place—

Reveal to us the fountain of these springs,
(*All hands are lowered : all look at the
streams.*)

The Source of human joy and beauty !

Spirit (looks up suddenly, falling back, L.).
Hark !

A far-off voice that calls and calls again—
“ Beside the Hearthstone ! Seek the source
and see ! ”

All. Beside the Hearthstone ? Seek the
source, and see ?

Which is the Hearthstone ?

(*Children who have listened start up.*)
Poetry (to Philosophy). Look ! the Children
know !

Children know everything : 'tis we forget.
Say, Children, is a hearthstone in this
place ?

Boy. Yes, at our Home. Will you come in
and rest ?

Let us go up and open them the doors.

(*They join hands by the stream in
centre, make their way to the
fountain-head of the waters, and
draw apart the curtains behind.*)

See! see!

(*The central curtains part and reveal a peasant family—a mother at the spinning-wheel, rocking cradle with her foot, the father, who has returned from work, bending over it. He stretches out his hand to the children; the little girl nestles close to him; the boy kneels at the cradle and gets permission to turn down the bed-clothes and looks long at the sleeping babe. They whisper and talk together. Light is concentrated on the picture, and voices are heard singing a canticle as at first.*

After a verse or two have been sung, the curtains close over the picture, and the personages begin to descend, two by two, down the stream to the auditorium, the Spirit of the Hour and Poetry going first. When all have disappeared, the Mute Attendants approach and walk out together after them, leaving the scene empty, under a pale blue light. Voices cease in the distance.)

END.

A Song for St. Crispin's Workshop.

WORDS BY A. M. BUCKTON.
With spirit.

MUSIC BY F. A. MARSHALL.

Give us mouths to sing, Give us ears to hear, The
 song that lives in ev - 'ry-thing, The song that lives in
 ev - 'ry-thing—Earth, sea, and air! Song of the lab - 'ring

cloud, Song of the growing tree, Song of the burn-ing

stars of night, Song of the roll-ing sea! Work, boys,
accented.

work! Pass the thread a - long! Give

ev - 'ry work its glo - ry, And ev - 'ry tool its song!

rit. a tempo.

rit. a tempo.

2ND VERSE. *Tempo I.*

Give us mouths to sing, Give us ears to hear, The song that lives in

ev - 'ry thing, The song that lives in ev - 'ry thing—

Earth, sea, and air! *Song of the swing-ing axe,*

Song of the shut-tle and loom, *Song of the o - pen*

thresh - ing floor, *Song of the en - gine room!*

CHORUS.

Work, boys, work! Pass the thread a-
long!.... Give ev- 'ry work its glo- ry, And

long!.... Give ev- 'ry work its glo- ry, And

3RD VERSE.

ev - 'ry tool its song! Give us mouths to sing, Give us

ears to hear, The song that lives in ev - 'ry-thing, The

song that lives in ev - 'ry-thing—Earth, sea, and air.

Dolce.

Song of the woman's hand, Ply-ing her pa-tient thread,

Dolce.

Song of the wake-ful mo-ther's heart, Round the cra-dle head !

rit.

CHORUS. a tempo.

Work, boys, work! Pass the thread a - long! Give

ev - 'ry work its glo - ry, And ev - 'ry tool its song !

colla voce. f

Raindrops.

WORDS BY A. M. B.

*Allegretto.**8va.*

MUSIC BY M. D.

Pit - ter pat - ter drops the rain,

*mf**legato.*

through the stor - my hours; fill - ing up the

cres.

springs a - gain, wat' - ring thirs - ty flow'rs,

wat' - ring thirs - ty flow'rs.

8va.....

sempre dim.

8va..... pp

no retardando.

Where go the Boats?

WORDS BY R. L. STEVENSON.

MUSIC BY M. CARMICHAEL.

*Smoothly. Not too fast.**mp*

Dark brown is the
riv - er, Gold - en is the sand; It
flows a - long for ev - er, With trees on eith - er

(By kind permission of Enoch & Sons.)

hand; Green leaves a - float - ing,

Cas - tiles of the foam, Boats of mine a -

boat - ing, Where will all come home?

floreat Sesamé

To the air of a Pavane, "Belle qui tient ma vie," said to be by HENRI III.

mf Andante moderato.

VIOLINO I.

VIOLINO II.

C'ELLO.

THREE VOICES.

PIANO.*

* It is possible to leave out either the String and Flute parts, or the Pianoforte part, in the above arrangement; but the effect is better if both are included.

8. *f* FLUTE and 1st VIOLIN.

8. *f* FLUTE and 1st VIOLIN.

8*f*

8*f*

Oh, Flo - re - at Se - m - mé, Flo - re - at Se - sa -

8*f*

(FLUTE *faecit*).

pp

pp

pp

mé! Thy years in-crease in beau - ty, Flo - re - at Se - sa -

pp

(FLUTE.)

- m6. Thy chil-dren keep thy mem-ory, In their se-cret

(FLUTE *tacet.*)

heart, And greet-ing hail each oth-er, Near and far a - part!

INTERLUDE.

VIOLINO I.

p (FLUTE to follow melody with the 1st and 2nd VIOLINS alternately.)

VIOLINO II. *p*

'CELLO.

f pizz.

f

f pizz.

p arco.

p

p arco.

p

40

cres. pizz.

FINE. G.

Repeat with 2nd verse of song.

O Floreat Sesamé, Floreat Sesamé!
 Thy years increase in beauty! Floreat Sesamé!
 Our hearts, in strife or joy, turn often back to thee,
 And answer still the cry, Floreat Sesamé!

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